

Angels

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Angels

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Angelsby Sheryl Martin

“So what do you think, Scully?” Fox Mulder chewed thoughtfully on a sunflower seed, staring across the desk at his partner. The redhead shook her head, smiling as she looked at the photograph.

“I think you’ve been in the sun too long again.” Dana Scully tapped the black and white picture. “This doesn’t look like anything.”

“Ah, but that’s where your imagination comes in.” Getting to his feet, he strode over to stand behind her, running his finger over the ghostly image at the far left side of the photo. “Look at this... there’s a definite outline here of a person...”

She reached up and touched his forehead. “Nope. Not too hot.”

“Well, not yet...” He smirked as he pulled away. “This is only one of a series taken in a house in California. The woman claims that this is her guardian angel...”

“And...”

“You’re the lapsed Catholic, Scully... Don’t you remember being taught about angels?” He balanced himself on the edge of her desk, crossing his arms as he looked down at her.

“Mulder, I was taught a lot of things... Saints and angels;

commandments and prayers..."

Dana looked down again at the picture. "While I won't say that there aren't such... possibilities... I won't agree with you based on a fuzzy image that could be easily faked."

He grinned. "You're such a skeptic." Turning away, he returned to his desk.

"That's what it says on my ID card." She slyly smiled, tossing the photo back to him. "Is this an official case?"

"Partially." Mulder reached for his coat, motioning for her to join him. "She also claims to know the whereabouts of six or seven bodies lost in a flash flood in the 1940's... we're just going to fly out and see if there's anything to this."

"Her angel told her where the bodies were?" Scully struggled with the sleeves of her trench coat. "How convenient..."

"I think she just came across them by accident. She's already set up interviews with the local tabloids." He held the door open. Dana stopped in the doorway, staring at him.

"Wait a minute... If you think she's faking, then what is this all about? Why are we going out there?"

Mulder extracted two pieces of paper from an inner pocket. "New Indiana Jones ride just opened up... and it's Thursday. Want to make a weekend of it?" His smug grin was contagious.

She shook her head, laughing softly. "You never learn, do you... Last time it was a football game and we didn't even make it past the kickoff..."

"So is that a yes?" His hazel eyes sparkled. She sighed.

"You know it is..." The copper-coloured hair shone in the pale office lighting. "But the photos..."

"Those I don't know." He said quietly. "But we can check them out before the rides..."

The traffic on the street was the usual rush-hour mayhem. Scully paused, judging the traffic. She turned to Mulder.

"I'm just going to grab a dog before we head out... do you want something?" She stepped out into the street...

A strong set of hands yanked her backwards, pulling her onto the concrete hard as she slammed down. A delivery van raced by her feet at an outrageous speed; too fast to stop for anything other than a tank. Gasping for air, she stared up at Mulder's concerned face, inches from her own.

"Are you alright?" He whispered, looking over at the cars as they whizzed by the pair.

"Yah. I think." She brushed off her hands, stumbling to her feet. Leaning against him for a second, Dana gathered her thoughts. "What the hell was that guy doing?"

Ã'About warp 27.Ã" He looked down at her again. Ã'Are you sure youÃ•re fine? YouÃ•re not hurt?Ã"

Ã'Only my pride.Ã" Rubbing her face, she weakly smiled. Ã'Good grab, Mulder.Ã"

He stared at her, his eyes blank. Ã'Grab what?Ã"

Ã'DonÃ•t push it, Mulder. IÃ•m trying to thank you.Ã" She stepped back onto the sidewalk, still catching her breath. Ã'You pulled me back in the nick of time.Ã"

Ã'Scully...Ã" He looked out into the street, then back at her. Ã'I saw you fall backwards... I didnÃ•t get to you until after you hit the ground.Ã" A hand carefully stroked the back of her head. Ã'You sure you didnÃ•t hit your head on the way down?Ã"

She tenderly brushed his hand away, smiling. Ã'IÃ•m sure IÃ•m okay. But if you didnÃ•t pull...Ã" Her eyes met his, confused. Ã'LetÃ•s get going.Ã"

Ã'You going to be alright?Ã" He repeated, the concern in his voice growing. Ã'We can stop by a hospital to have you checked out if you want...Ã"

Ã'No, IÃ•m fine.Ã" Dana pulled him towards the crossing lights. Ã'But I think we should talk some more on this subject...Ã"

He nodded, a soft smile on his face. Ã'Extreme possibilities?Ã"

Ã'Saints and sinners, Mulder... and donÃ•t try to figure out where we stand...Ã"

***** Albert Einstein:

"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who no longer pauses to wonder and stand in rapt awe, is as good as dead."

End
file.